

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Kentucky.

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

VOL. III.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY OCTOBER, 21, 1887.

NO. 33.

ISAAC W. MAPEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Will practice in all the Courts of Wolfe, Powell, Meade and Breathitt counties.
Titles examined; abstracts furnished; taxes paid for non-residents; real estate bought and sold. Collections a specialty.

JOHN H. EVANS,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Examiner of Depositions for Wolfe county,
Respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

W. T. SWANGO,
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Deputy County Court Clerk of Wolfe,
Will attend to all business entrusted to him with promptness and dispatch.

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Attorney at Law,
JACKSON, KY.

Business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JO. C. LYKINS,
County Attorney, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public.
Practices in all Courts in Wolfe and Adjoining Counties, and Court of Appeals.
Collections a Specialty.
CAMPTON, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.

A. C. BAKER,
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DR. J. A. TAULBEE,
Physician and Surgeon,
Jackson, Breathitt County,
KENTUCKY.

DAY HOUSE, HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Newly Fitted and Refurnished.
The best market afforded will be found upon the table at all times, and the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Guests will have ice and other luxuries to be had in first-class country hotels. In connection is a fine stable for horses and shed room for vehicles, in charge of good hostler. Pasture age for horses.

THORATO TUTTLE, Lessee,
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COMBS HOUSE,
CAMPTON, KY.
S. S. COMBS, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table, the best, and every attention for the comfort of guests.

ADAMS HOUSE,
SALYERSVILLE, KY.
G. B. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

This old and well known place has been thoroughly refitted and refurnished, and is now open for the reception of the public. Nothing shall be left undone to make guests comfortable.

J. R. TUGGLE,
WITH
F. G. Ringgold & Co.,
JOBBER OF
Boots and Shoes,
85 and 97 WEST PEARL STREET,
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WORKING CLASS ATTENTION. We thoroughly refitted and refurnished, and is now open for the reception of the public. Nothing shall be left undone to make guests comfortable.

W. H. GILLIS,
WITH
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Wholesale Hatters,
No. 613 West Main St.,
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— GENERAL —

Land Agents,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Have the following property which they wish to sell at once, and parties desiring to secure bargains will find it to their interest to inspect the property. We will trade some of it to blue grass land. Write us.

No. 1.—75 acres land on Laurel Creek, Wolfe county, 4 1/2 miles from Hazel Green. Good dwelling house and out buildings, well watered, good timber, fine apple orchard, coal veins, &c.

No. 3.—One two story dwelling built in 1884, containing six rooms, good out buildings, a well of never-failing water, beautiful grounds, well set with rare and valuable shrubbery and a fine assortment of fruit grapes, &c. The best garden in town, one of the most desirable dwellings to be found in Hazel Green. Situated on the bright leading to the celebrated Swango Springs, about midway between the center of town and the Springs.

No. 4.—315 acres of land on Lacy Creek 2 miles from Hazel Green, main road to Campton, has about 200 acres of good timber, and an inexhaustible quantity of the finest quality of split and bituminous and some fine quality of canal coal.

No. 5.—100 acres of land, the survey being on the Standing Rock, corner of Lee, Powell and Wolfe counties, 10 miles from Campton, on the head waters of the Graining Black Fork of Red River. It is entirely covered with a virgin forest of pine, poplar, oak, walnut, hickory and chestnut timber.

No. 7.—40 acres of land, most of which lies in the corporate limits of Hazel Green, on the road leading from town to Swango Springs, joins No. 3 and is known as the Mrs. Eliza Trinkle tract. Can be laid off into the most desirable town lots in Hazel Green. It is newly fenced and in cultivation.

No. 8.—One house and lot in Northwest Hazel Green, near the common school building, good new dwelling house with four rooms, good outbuildings, garden, &c.

No. 9.—2,600 acres of land on Kentucky River and Evans Creek, Breathitt county, 7 miles below Jackson, on the surveyed line of the Kentucky Union and Cincinnati and Southern railroads. It is covered with a heavy forest of the finest timber in the State, including oak, walnut, poplar, ash, &c., and is underlaid with inexhaustible veins of coal and bituminous coal.

No. 10.—About 87 acres of land on Lacy Creek 1 1/2 miles from Hazel Green, has a good barn, is well fenced, about 30 acres in grass, an apple orchard, some timber, is well watered and is good farming land.

No. 11.—265 acres of land southeast of Hazel Green, 4 miles from Hazel Green, 230 acres of fine poplar, oak and other timber, 35 acres in cultivation, 2 good dwelling houses and outbuildings, 2 wells of never-failing water and good young orchard.

No. 12.—250 acres on Gillmore Creek, 5 miles south of Hazel Green, good coal and fine timber, good dwelling, barn and outbuildings, fine orchard of 1,000 bearing apple trees.

No. 13.—165 acres on Gillmore Creek, 5 miles south of Hazel Green, good timber and coal, dwelling, barn, orchard, &c.

No. 14.—100 acres on Lower Devil's Creek in Wolfe county, south of Campton on the surveyed line of Kentucky Union railroad, good timber including white pine, poplar, oak, &c.

No. 15.—About 100 acres on Gillmore Creek, 4 miles south of Hazel Green, fully 100 acres of fine timber, veins of best quality of split and bituminous coal, good dwelling, barn and out buildings, good farming land.

No. 16.—70 acres on Gillmore Creek, 4 1/2 miles south of Hazel Green, 15 acres good bottom land, an apple orchard of 40 bearing trees, good dwelling house and outbuildings, good well, underlaid with coal, timber well suited for farming purposes.

No. 17.—1,200 acres on Kentucky River at the mouth of Holly Creek, in Wolfe and Breathitt counties, fine coal developed, and known as the Rowe and Hollon coal banks, fine timber.

No. 18.—115 acres on Devil's Creek, Wolfe county, 3 miles southeast of Campton, fine canal coal 7 feet thick, known as the Hobbs coal bank, fine timber.

THOS. E. HILL'S BOOKS.

Elegant, Educational, Standard, Best, Most Useful in the World, and Most Rapid Sale.

HILL'S MANUAL Contains Hundreds of Legal Forms. Social, Commercial and Legal. Fully Illustrated. Enlarged and Corrected to the Latest Date.

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HILL STANDARD BOOK CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
105 State Street, CHICAGO.

A TALENTED THIEF.

A Confidence Man Who Worked the Cities of the Country, Including Louisville.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 14.—Deputy wardens and penitentiary guards have scoured the country today in vain looking for Frank P. Ladd, alias Wilbur James, the noted confidence man, who escaped from Stillwater penitentiary last evening. The general opinion seems to be that he had help from the outside, as he has many friends and acquaintances in the northeast. The history of Ladd's career reads like a romance. He is a handsome fellow, of engaging manners and well educated. He was born in Utica, and a dozen years ago, in Chicago, was engaged in some daring forgeries, for which he was arrested in Scotland, Mo., and on trial given a light sentence. Shortly after he served a sentence of four years and six months in the Hartford (Conn.) jail for forgery. He also served short sentences at Baltimore, Md., and Port Jarvis, N. Y. After that he swindled Philadelphia merchants out of \$2,000 by means of bogus checks, and soon after levied upon San Francisco people to the amount of \$12,000. He next appeared in Chicago as Lieut. Somerville of the navy, and cut a great social swath in his gold-brained uniform. He signaled his departure by giving an elegant banquet at the Hotel Richelleu to a number of prominent people, and the next day borrowed \$7,000 from the same persons and disappeared. Then he went to Idaho, N. Y., Europe again, and back to New Orleans, where he assumed the character of New York Herald correspondent, and from the head of a Shreveport cotton firm secured \$1,000. Coming to St. Paul, he had considerable success under the name of Wilbur F. James, and finally confided jewelers here out of \$5,000 worth of goods. From here he went to Europe, and his next exploit was to cheat Wm. Kendrick's Sons, of Louisville, out of diamonds worth \$1,500. After another vacation in Europe he attacked Omaha, and went away from there \$5,000 richer. After that he went to Boston and bought two suits of clothes, offering a forged check in payment. For this he was apprehended, was brought to St. Paul and convicted for his misdeeds here, and found guilty May 19, 1885, being sentenced to twenty-four years at Stillwater. He was one of the editors of the Prison Mirror, a recent established newspaper, and had conducted himself with so much seeming rectitude that he had been allowed many privileges, by the use of which he finally made his escape.

Frequently accidents occur in the household which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

Connubial Knots

Married, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Lizzie Turner, in this city, Tuesday, October 11th, 1887, Mr. J. Wm. Miller, a prosperous young merchant of Paris, Ill., to Miss Bell Turner, Elder B. W. Trimble officiating. The happy couple took the morning train for Cincinnati, and will make a bridal tour in the East. Mr. Miller's mother was present at the wedding. It was a quiet affair, and attended by only about a dozen relatives and friends. We are informed that the groom is a first-class young man, and we are prepared to say, from a long acquaintance with the bride, that she is a lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, and we regard her as one of Montgomery county's most worthy daughters.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Judge M. M. Cassidy, on Wednesday evening, October 12th, 1887, by Elder J. S. Shouse, of Lexington, Elder B. W. Trimble to Miss Cora Cassidy, both of this city. Mr. Trimble is an able young minister of the Christian Church, and a son of the well known capitalists of this city, J. G. Trimble. The bride is a lovely young lady, and by her training and early attained piety, is well qualified for the wife of a minister, and a co-worker in the vineyard of the Master. They will go to California, and will probably make that State their future home.—Sentinel-Democrat.

COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

Jealousy Causes John Robinson to Take the Life of George Burns by Shooting Him.

OWINGVILLE, KY., Oct. 18.—Late yesterday evening John Robinson, a worthless and vicious negro, shot and instantly killed Geo. Burns, in the town of Sharpburg, a highly respected and well to do colored man. This is regarded as one of the most deliberate, cold blooded murders ever perpetrated in this part of the country. As usual, there is a woman in the case. Burns was a farmer, and, for one of his class, a prosperous one. Since the death of his wife, a year or more ago, he has employed a woman of his own color as housekeeper. It was also generally believed that they were more intimate than their relations would justify.

Some months ago Robinson came into the community, and, receiving work on a turnpike near by, made his home at Burns'. He had been there but a short time when he married the housekeeper aforesaid, knowing full well the relations between the woman and her employer. After marriage Robinson and wife continued to live with Burns, the woman still doing the housework. Jealousy on the part of Robinson soon became apparent, but he smothered his feelings, and they managed to get along without an open rupture until Wednesday evening last. On that evening Burns went to Sharpburg on business, and took Robinson's wife along with him in his wagon, ostensibly to assist him in making some purchases. This was more than Robinson could stand, and, following them to town, he took a position by the side of the store door into which Burns had gone to transact some business. With drawn revolver Robinson hailed his victim as he stepped from the door, but, without giving him time to reply or defend himself, shot him through the heart, killing him instantly.

Robinson has but one arm, but is regarded as a bad, vicious negro. The murdered man was very popular with the negroes of his community, and there is strong talk of lynching the assassin. Robinson is now in jail awaiting his examining trial.

Town Marshal D. S. Nixon, of this place, arrived here last night from Kansas, having in custody John Furgerson, wanted here for shooting and wounding with intent to kill Roy Myers.

Life will acquire new zest, and cheerfulness return, if you will impel your liver and kidneys to the performance of their functions. Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm will stimulate them to healthful action. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

A Sign of the Times.

One of the most hopeful signs for Kentucky at the present time is the improvement and increase in the newspapers. A few years ago and the daily press of the State was confined to Louisville, Paducah, Covington and Lexington, and the weekly papers were scattering. Now every city of 5,000 inhabitants has one or two daily papers, and almost every hamlet supports a weekly. Mayville, Bowling Green, Owensboro and Henderson have fallen into line with one or two dailies each; and have grown from towns into cities. The papers have come because the people are waking up to the fact that a successful American must keep up with the news of the day, and have consequently begun to read. Since the people have begun to read the papers the merchants have begun to advertise their goods. With subscribers and with advertising a newspaper is a success.

It would be safe to estimate that there are twice as many newspapers read in Kentucky today as were read five years ago. The aggregate circulation of the Louisville dailies is five times what it was at that time. The towns which supported two weeklies then now support one or two dailies. The villages which then gave sustenance to one weekly journal now take care of two or three semi-weeklies. Hamlets which merely had a corner in some county paper now have flourishing weeklies of their own. In addition to this growth of prosperity there has been a marked development in character. The papers of Kentucky are no longer devoted chiefly and mainly to politics and to the petty squabbles for

office. The news of the day is now first and foremost in the minds of the editors and politics takes a back seat. It is the effort of almost every editor to give an accurate and fair review of all the happenings within his territory, together with a comprehensive summary of the most important news of the world. The people demand this, and the moss-back editor who declines to furnish it soon finds himself lagging behind in the race for journalistic success.

This growth and development of the newspapers of the State is the best indication in the world that the people are awakening from the lethargy that has so long held the State immovable while other States have taken rapid strides in the direction of wealth and prosperity. It is the activity of the people that makes the papers boom, and it is the same activity that will make the State boom.—Louisville Post.

The "Life of the flesh is the blood thereof," pure blood means healthy functional activity and this bears with it the certainty of quick restoration from sickness or accident. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier gives pure rich blood, and vitalizes and strengthens the whole body. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

MURDERED FOR MONEY.

A Woman Seventy Years of Age Violently Assaulted and Her Home Robbed.

PADUCAH, Oct. 16.—The sparsely settled section of Ballard county, twenty miles from this place, is greatly excited over the foulest murder ever committed in West Kentucky, and armed men are searching every nook and corner for the murderers. Mrs. Moore lived in a comfortable farm house, with her son, Henry and James. Despite her age, she was active and vigorous, and performed her own housework. The son left the house at 6 o'clock, going about the duties on the farm, leaving the old lady engaged in cleaning the dishes from the morning meal. One returned about 10 o'clock. The dishes were all put away, and the house was in order, but the woman was lying in a pool of blood on the floor of the dining-room. The back of her skull was crushed, the left eye put out and her throat cut from ear to ear. There was evidence of a severe struggle. The body was very warm. In the front room a trunk, containing \$1,000, was broken open and the money gone, and the horrible fact that the aged woman was murdered for money established. Moore summoned his brother and an alarm was given throughout the neighborhood. There was no clew, whatever, to the murderer, but every suspicious character is being closely watched, and a detective from Paducah has gone to the scene. The Moores are well-to-do farmers, and had some money, though most of the money stolen belonged to a peddler named Sim Harvey, who made his headquarters there, and usually kept considerable cash there. It is thought the parties followed Harvey to the place. If the right parties are caught Judge Lynch will have a daylight hanging.

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumer, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with Green's August Flower and Boesche's German Syrup, as the reduction of thirty cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 70 cent size. The August Flower for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and the German Syrup for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for ten cents remain the same size.

A Queer Prediction.

John Adams left the Presidential office in 1801. His son, John Quincy Adams, was inaugurated in 1825—twenty-four years later. Abraham Lincoln left the Presidential office in 1868. His son, Robert T. Lincoln, will be inaugurated in 1892—twenty-four years later. These figures constitute something in the nature of an historical coincidence.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.

I LOVE HER STILL.

With all her faults I love her still—
Who wouldn't?
The trouble is that, wait till
The pretty dear has talked her fill,
You couldn't.

Her nimble tongue you'll always find
Agoing.
She's always prompt to speak her mind,
And sharper than the keen March wind
That's blowing.

She has ideas on every thing,
And airs 'em.
She loves to hear the choir sing,
And then, with comments meant to sting,
Com pares 'em.

She talks and talks the livelong day
Till right comes.
And when she goes to sleep, they say,
She keeps on in the same old way
Till light comes.

With all her faults I love her still—
Who wouldn't?
The trouble is that, wait till
The pretty dear has talked her fill,
Job couldn't.

—William H. HULL.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Banded Treasure, Cuban Revolt
and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

[Copyright, 1907, by The A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.]

PART I.—CHAPTER VII.

Captain Willis entered his cabin again, closed the door, seated himself by the table and leaned his head on both hands.

He had said to the mate that he wanted to go below and make some preparations before he came up to share the night-watch with him.

What he really wanted was a few moments' solitude for deliberate thought. And when this man needed to go away by himself and think, there must have been some trouble in his mind.

He had not been accustomed to take serious thought about any thing. His judgment was generally good, his will was always strong, and he was not to decide upon what seemed the proper course of his life.

Thus he had done now. Because of the vexations and annoyances that were besetting him as an American in Havana, he had decided without reflection that any thing would be better than another day of such petty miseries. Deliberately, he could hardly have gone to sea with a mutinous crew, pirates and refuse of the city. The possible consequences of such a step ought to have occurred to him. But he had acted hastily, almost passionately, and the serious consequences were upon him before darkness of that day. One man necessarily slain by his own hand, as a mutinous mother-in-law below; with mutiny crushed for the moment, but likely to break out again at any hour; with but two men in the vessel upon whom he could depend, and he and they likely to be worn out by the watches which this state of things rendered necessary, and thus to fall an easy prey to the others—this was the wretched prospect that appeared to the Captain as he sat in his cabin.

He was not given to useless repining. If he had been, he would have condemned himself severely for his precipitancy.

His reflections were interrupted by a rap at the door. He said: "Come in," and Jose Gardez entered.

Captain Willis was of course in bad humor at this moment, and the sight of this man added to his gloom.

"What the deuce brought you here?" he shouted. "Haven't you learned

that you're no business in my cabin till you're asked?"

"I was asked, sir," the man replied. "Who asked you?"

"Mr. Hardy, sir. I went up to him a few minutes ago, and told him what I was going to do."

"And he said, 'I'll be right with you.'"

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drink to the memory of brave Lopez, the freedom of Cuba and the good health of that young dare-devil, Harry Crawford. But—don't blush, Harry—you deserve it."

"Come, sir—sit down!"

"Captain Willis, you seem to forget my position here. I can't say I regret the imposition I practiced to leave Havana on your vessel; that was to save my life, and any one would have done it under like circumstances. But I felt bound to do it as soon as it was safe for me to do so, and also to tell you that you can rely on me to stand by you on this voyage. Just the same as you can rely on the mate and Dick Purvis. Now that I have told you this, I am simply a common sailor—and a poor enough one, too—on your ship."

"I've been a sailor, though, I carried a sword under General Lopez; and I know what authority and obedience are. My place is forward, sir."

"Your place is here in this cabin, just now, and till the end of the voyage. A fiddler on your scruples, sir. You saw me teach that rascal on deck this morning who was your Captain, and by—sir, I'd have you to know it, too!"

Crawford smiled at the Captain's good-natured rudeness, about half of which he saw was assumed, and no longer hesitated to sit down.

"And hadn't occurred to you," continued the Captain, as he placed the bottle and glasses on the table, "that some of those rascals would be likely to tick a knife into you, or throw you overboard? You couldn't make them believe very long that you were of their kind!"

"Beg your pardon, sir—but there's where you're mistaken. I'm a pretty good actor, as you must have noticed by this time. Let me go back among the crew, and in twenty-four hours you shall know just what they want to do, and when they propose to do it."

"No, the risk is too great. Your heart is in the right place, young fellow, and you're such a man as I don't meet once in five years. You've done quite enough for the present; the chances yesterday were about one in a million that you'd be alive to-day, and I propose to have you take care of yourself now. Here's your glass; drink hearty, now, the toast I gave you."

"Provided you'll add to it the safety of your good ship and long life to her master."

"As you say."

The friendship of the two being thus pledged, the Captain said:

"Wait a few minutes till I look at the deck and after my course, and then you shall tell me all you choose to about yourself."

"I've nothing to conceal; you shall hear the whole, sir."

After the Captain had gone, Henry Crawford sat quietly for a few moments engaged in deep thought. His whole life had been eventful, remarkably so, and the experience of the last month, the last week, the last two days, were such as befall very few men. He rapidly reviewed them, and then turned to his present situation. He was young, hope was naturally innocent in his breast, and gentler thoughts had possessed him. He was about to think him a truthful person, but when he told Captain Willis that he had nothing to conceal, he felt that he had not told the whole truth. From an inside pocket of his vest—the left side of course—he took a small picture-case and opened it. In it was a photograph, such as was produced in those days; the picture of a very sweet and very lovely young woman, with dark brown hair and deep blue eyes, cheeks of beautiful pink and white, and a smile which made the heart of the darest young patriot beat faster as he remembered it. Just then he heard the Captain's feet descending the stairs; he pressed his lips to the pictured face and replaced it next his heart, where it had lain in all his perils.

The table was quite near the half-opened door of the cabin, and Crawford's chair was still faster as he remembered it. Just then he heard the Captain's feet descending the stairs; he pressed his lips to the pictured face and replaced it next his heart, where it had lain in all his perils.

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Cuban Mountains, lying blue and dim upon the horizon, the great Pan of Matanzas off to the southwest looming up near the coast.

The mate came aft and touched his hat.

"They've had their dinner from the coppers, sir, and I unshackled that pirate down below long enough to let him eat."

"Very good, Mr. Hardy. What's going on there forward?"

"There being nothing else for them to do just now, sir, I set them all to scrubbing the deck. I thought it better to have them all in sight together as much as possible."

"Quite correct, Mr. Hardy, and very thoughtful of you. What a splendid breeze!"

"Yes, sir—if it holds, we'll be on soundings in over four hours."

"We will indeed. What's the course?"

"Northeast, sir."

"Make it another point to the north."

"Aye, aye, sir—another point to the north."

"Tell the cook to bring down supper for two to the cabin in half an hour."

"By the way, have you seen Mr. Hunter?"

"Not since we weighed anchor, sir."

"Where can he be? Not forward?"

"No, sir. I've been all through the ship forward, afloat and below."

"Confound the fellow—what's the matter with him?"

"I really don't know, sir."

"Of course you don't. And what do you think of our Spanish noble seaman now, Mr. Hardy?"

The Captain smiled broadly with the question, and the two then exchanged some comments over the strange episode, which it will be unnecessary to repeat.

The Captain walked forward, near where the crew were at work. Sullen eyes and angry glances were directed at him. He looked back and saw the negroes show a list behind his back, but all were careful not to be seen at it.

Captain Willis went to the bow and looked over. The foam flew before the cutter as the bow rapidly cleared the deck. He looked back and saw the sails billowing out with the rising breeze, and heard the pleasant creaking of the spars and cordage.

"This promises a good run," he soliloquized.

At the head of the cabin-stairs he gave a final direction to the mate.

"I'll be in an hour to relieve you, Mr. Hardy, when you can go below and get your supper, and I'll find a way to relieve Dick at the wheel. I think we'd better both keep the deck to-night, while things are so uncertain aboard, and the bark is making such speed. I'll nap it, on and off, as it happens."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Again in the cabin, Captain Willis produced some Havana cigars, and settled himself to hear the guest's story.

"Must talk fast," said Crawford, "so I had better not smoke now. And I should have said before that I have learned enough aboard ship to understand the trick of the wheel pretty well. I know you'd like to have help there, for I've seen and heard enough to know that there's only two aboard that you can count on."

"Good! Thank you. Your help will be worth every thing to us just now. I'm afraid we shan't get much sleep for a week; we'll be in the Bahama channel to-night, and on soundings sometime to-morrow. If this wind holds, we'll have to be busy with the lead. But let that go now; the Irish have a saying that I like—which is, never let the devil good-morning till you meet him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Maggie's head," asked me to kiss him, mamma."

"Well, of course, you did not?"

"No, I didn't hear him."

"Then how do you know he asked you?"

"Well, I didn't hear him on'y say a little bit. I didn't hear 'im 'nuf to go to 'im, mamma!"

—Boston Commonwealth.

It is not good form now to say: "Give us a rest." The correct thing is "Apply the closure."

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

Francis D. Haines, the New York piano manufacturer, died a few days ago, aged sixty-five years.

The President has appointed R. Y. Hadden, of Kentucky, registrar of the land office at Buffalo, Wyo.

It is rumored that Senator Stanford has bought Flood's block, at Market and Fourth streets, San Francisco, for \$750,000. The purchase is said to be for the Central Pacific railroad, for which the block is needed.

The Public Telegraph says that the government has decided to enforce the suppression clauses of the Coercion bill, and that the two hundred branches of the National Irish League will be immediately prohibited.

The National Association of Local Preachers in session at Harrisburg, Pa., elected C. B. Stemen, of Port Wayne, Ind., president for the coming year. The next convention will be held at Columbus, O., in September, 1908.

The trial of Selvester Granda, a code-fraudster in the Hadcock murder case, has been indefinitely postponed on account of all the defendants except the chief one.

The second trial of John A. Ross, who has been assigned for November, will be held at Nashville.

The President has recognized Narciso Torres Pelto as Consul of Spain, at Saragossa, Aragon.

At the election held in Davidson County, Tenn., the other day, to authorize the subscription of \$500,000 to the Midland railway, the proposition was defeated by a small vote.

The Louisville & Nashville, who control all the lines of road running into Nashville, opposed the subscription.

The New York Post has received a copy of \$22 to \$25 devoted to fund continuous sessions from ten a. m. to three p. m

SONG.

Go not, O perfect Day!
O day so beautiful, so golden bright.
A little longer stay!
Soon in thy western shadows fades the light;
Soon comes the Night!
Go not, O perfect Day!
Go not, dear Life, away!
Dear Life, our cheerful friend and guest of
yore,
A little longer stay!
Soon will thou steal from us, and shut the
door,
And come no more!
Delay!
Go not, dear Life, away!
—Robertson, *Travels, in Lapinotti's Ma-
gic*

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

Some Interesting Stories of a
Noted French Fire-Eater.

Duelling is not an ancient institution. No traces of it are to be found among any of the nations of antiquity. The medieval trial by brute force would seem to have been the foundation of the modern duel. The first recognition of single combat as a regular judicial proceeding is to be found in the laws of Gundobad, King of the Burgundians, at the beginning of the sixth century. The practice spread rapidly among the warlike Franks, and in the reign of Charlemagne, three hundred years later, it had become so universal that not only the parties in a common suit at law, but the witnesses and even the judges were constantly summoned to mortal combat in support of the justice of their cause, the truth of their testimony or the impartiality of their decisions. This manner of trial was afterward restricted by Louis VII. to the decision of criminal accusations of civil causes, when, as shown by the ordinance he rendered in 1168, the object of the dispute exceeded five "sols," or cents, in value—five cents in those days being, of course, a much larger sum than it is to-day.

These laws and customs are the sources of the duel; and it is from this ancient practice of making the sword the seal of justice that the modern duel, modified from time to time, has descended to us. Single combat as a judicial proceeding did not, however, survive the fifteenth century, and with its gradual disappearance the modern duel became the recognized means of vindictive offended honor. Italy was the first great field for this peculiar single combat. Thence the rage spread with redoubled fury into France, Spain and Great Britain. In England we hear little of it before the profligate days of the Stuarts. But it is France that affords the most detailed and authorized records of dueling.

The French kings and Parliament long maintained its formal and practical legality. Henry II. presided, with his whole court, at the combat between M. de La Chatignier and M. de Jarnac, caused by a scandal, which terminated in the death of La Chatignier; when de Jarnac, his hands wet with blood, raised them to Heaven and exclaimed: "Not unto me, O Lord, but unto Thy name be thanks." Charles IX. was the last French king who presided at one of these exhibitions; so he was also the first who sought to check the practice by naming a "Court of Honor" to satisfy of offenses committed against its laws. In Henry IV.'s reign, and in defiance of his edicts inflicting the penalty of death on all duellists, there fell in duels no fewer than four thousand of his subjects, while upwards of fourteen thousand pardons were granted for fighting.

About half way up the Rue du Jour, near the Sainte-Eustache Church, in Paris, is an old house, rendered conspicuous by a wide porch and extensive stock-in-trade of china. This, two centuries ago, was the Hotel de Roymont, built by Philippe Hurault, Bishop of Chartres and Abbot of Roymont. Later on, it was occupied by Francois de Montmorency, Comte de Bouteville, who made it a general rendezvous for the duellists of Paris. All the gentlemen of the court, eager to challenge any of their peers over some love intrigue, or who for some personal motive looked daggers at each other on the Place Royale or the Con la Reine, met at the mansion in the Rue du Jour. Here they were hospitably received and entertained; and were offered a cold collation with wines and liquors before entering the lists, and those who had forgotten to bring weapons were provided with a goodly selection of polished steel. Throughout the morning there was an incessant clash of blades, each thrust and parry being watched with intense interest by veterans, who, after old scars had been wiped off, and the resident surgeons who had forgotten the combatants' wounds, were invited with the duellists and their second.

to luncheon with the Comte de Bouteville.

It would doubtless be a vain quest to seek, nowadays, for a single representative of this defunct race of duellists, a race to which Choquet evidently belonged. He must have had the honors among the exiles of the reign of Louis XIII., the swash-bucklers of the Hotel de Roymont, or the splendid corps of musketeers of Louis XV. Choquet's mania for dueling, his ever-recurring provocations to decide a difference at the sword's point made of him a public character; and his reputation was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the fact that his most terrible challenges were unable to withstand the effect of a peaceful solution over a bowl of punch. His guileless talk and southern accent, his peculiar way of lisping and other physical oddities, gave to his daily display a smack of the most genuine comic buffoonery.

When the mania for fighting was strong within him it was difficult to evade his mood. One day he would enter a coffee-house, take his seat and say to a new neighbor:

"After you, the *Figaro*, please."
"Sir," the other would politely reply, "it is not the *Figaro*, but the *Constitutionnel* that I am reading."
"Oh! you would give me the lie, would you? Take care, sir, or by Heaven! I'll take you better manners."

On another occasion he would introduce a like scene after this fashion:

"Now, don't keep staring at me in that offensive way, please!"
"I," expostulated the customer.
"Lord bless me, sir, I didn't even see you. I was looking the other way."

"Oh! then I am a liar, am I?"
And Choquet would rise from his seat in a threatening attitude.

Even the most peaceful persons could scarcely put up with such insolence. They felt like tucking up their sleeves and knocking Choquet down. Nor did he fail, at times, to meet with his deserts. He more than once stumbled on a Tartar. His best known scrape that way is worth relating. Choquet one day entered a court-yard to challenge a master-builder, who was pumping water at a fountain. The master-builder looked up surprised, caught hold of Choquet by the scruff of his neck, doubled him up, put him under the pump, and smashed him like a dead rat.

The story of Choquet's adventures would fill a volume, but I will relate only one, wherein I acted as his second.

One night, at a masked ball, Choquet quarreled with a Turk. Cards were exchanged. The following day, Choquet, with his two seconds, went to his adversary's house. The Turk of the previous evening turned out to be a well-to-do upholsterer, who carried on business in the Saint-Martin quarter. On the premises, Choquet inquired after M. Ballu.

"What can I do for you?" asked a young and pretty woman, who came forward from the back of the shop.

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't like joking in matters of serious importance. My name is Choquet. I came for an affair of honor. Your gentleman shouldn't be made to wait in this manner. Your husband is an ill-bred dog."

"Oh, excuse me, now I know what brings you. This is what I have to say. My husband went out yesterday to spend the carnival, and has made him ill. He is in bed, and spits blood."

"Dear me," remarked Choquet, turning toward his seconds, "what a mischance! He spits blood, did you say?"

"Alas! yes, sir," answered the young woman, who seemed much affected, and the doctor says that he has not six months to live."

"Dear me!" went on repeating Choquet, "spitting blood. How shall we settle matters, then? Haven't six months to live. Well, madame, I'm not a bad fellow, whatever others may think. Now, listen to what I have to say. We are in January, aren't we? Just so. Well, I'll give your husband six months to be buried in. I shall call around and pay my respects six months hence. If, in July next, your husband isn't dead and buried, I'll treat him as a knave and deceiver, and place his name in all the barracks of Paris."

This threat, which constantly fell from Choquet's lips, was a reminiscence of his soldier life. The thought never suggested itself that an upholsterer might not care the jingle of a brass farthing whether his name were placarded or not in all the barracks of the country.

One fine afternoon in July of that same year, Choquet took hold of my arm at the Varieties coffee-house, and said:

"Come along with me, old boy! I have a small matter which I really must clear up without further loss of time."

We took a road which led toward the Saint-Martin quarter, and, as we walked along, Choquet entered circumstantially into the particulars of the case. The upholsterer's day of

reckoning had arrived, and Choquet was bent on finding out whether his former Turk had paid the funeral debt incurred six months previously by his wife.

"He is still alive, I'll cut off both his ears, you know. I'm justified in so doing, am I not?"

"Of course you are, my dear fellow. But let me ask, the thing occurred long ago, didn't it, and in the carnival season? And again, isn't the fellow so old that he is a dead man?"

"What did he do, the villain? Just listen, and I'll tell you. I was at a masked ball given at the Renaissance Theater. I walked into the green-room, in my dress suit. I am aware of that, as you can see. Suddenly a Turk stopped directly in front of me, and bawled out: 'Halloo, there goes the Fat Ox! Make way, please, for the Fat Ox!' Everybody roared at this. I was downright vexed, as you may suppose. So I made up to him and said: 'My merry friend, at noon to-morrow you shall be a dead man!'"

"He was in the wrong, certainly," I pleaded, "to insinuate so invidious a comparison between a thin man like you and a fat ox; but—"

We had reached our destination. Entering the shop, we came upon M. Ballu, the upholsterer, who all budding and blossoming, was busy working at a padded chair.

"Oh, that's your little game, is it?" began Choquet, as soon as he set eyes on his intended victim. "You're alive, then? I thought as much. But you don't play the monkey, with me any longer, Mister Turk; you've caught the wrong sow by the ear this time, let me tell you!"

"Monsieur Choquet!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Yes, sir, my name is Choquet—Choquet, do you hear, sir?—who'll have none of this tomfoolery. Your wife—where is she, your wife?—is young and pretty, isn't she? Run a rig upon me. Your wife, I say, avowed that you were on your last legs and would be dead as a herring in less than six months, and here you are, alive and kicking. Now is that the way you keep your engagements?"

"All Monsieur Choquet," rejoined the merchant, who had somewhat recovered from his first fright, "I have been ill, very ill, indeed. You'll never see me do the Turkish grab again. 'Tis over now. So let me ask you to forgive and forget any improper thing I may have said on that eventful night."

"One moment," said Choquet, "not quite so fast, please. Do not tender your excuses in the regular form?"

"Faith, I don't quite understand what form that is. But this I know, for I have inquired about you and learned that you are a right good fellow. I cannot have a roasted leg of mutton with kidney-beans. Will you do me the honor to dine with me, you and your friend? My wife will be overjoyed. Agree, why don't you agree? Here is M. Choquet, who accepts an invitation to dine with us."

Of course I nodded assent, while it was not very difficult to read on Choquet's relaxing countenance that the roasted leg of mutton had found the way to his heart.

"Then again," added M. Ballu, who now felt that he had the game in his own hands, "I have a certain Madeira about which I should like to have your opinion, Monsieur Choquet."

"You please me, madame," retorted Choquet, with a deep frown over his eyelids.

"But"—

"Say you have no Madeira, sir," exclaimed the duelist, raising his voice and gestulating like a madman. "You please me, madame, that I am not to be contradicted on this point. I have drunk but one glass of genuine Madeira during the whole course of my life. 'Twas at the Tuilleries. Yes, sir, I had just recovered from sickness, and was on duty at the King's dinner. A glass of Madeira having been poured out for Louis XVIII, his Majesty, turning toward the cup-bearer, said: 'Hind that to Choquet, and give him my compliments.' Do you hear me now?"

"But, Monsieur Choquet, I assure you—"

"Say that you have no Madeira, sir," screamed Choquet, who had grown furious, and brought his hand down with terrific force on the wooden counter.

"If you once more dare to say that you have Madeira wine I'll tear your head clean off from your shoulders!—And what else did you say you had?"

"Well," said the merchant, who was somewhat staggered at this sudden fit of passion, "I've a leg of mutton with kidney-beans."

"A leg of mutton," said Choquet, in a soft tone of voice, "that's good, when well roasted. But I'm confident 'twill be overdone. Have you got such a thing as a spit?"

"A spit? I should say I had," burst out M. Ballu, with kindling eyes. "Only just pass this way, gentlemen and see for yourselves."

The merchant led us into a narrow,

able back shop, which answered the purpose of a dining-room. There on the hearth, in front of a bright blazing fire, a fine leg of mutton majestically turned on a spit, like a planet round the sun.

"That looks nice," remarked Choquet, after a moment of silent contemplation. "You are not altogether an idiot. A man who knows the worth of a spit deserves to live. But why don't you baste your leg of mutton?"

Saying Choquet took up the ladle, and began pouring over the meat the rich steaming juice. At that moment the merchant's wife came in.

"Ah, good day, madame, good day to you!" said Choquet, as he leant over and deluged the savory roast. "Well, you see what has happened. Your husband isn't dead after all. Dear me, how shall we get to arrange the matter? 'Tis very provoking, very."

"Alas, sir, 'twas a severe trial. God, in His goodness, has spared his life. I trust the lesson will be of service to him."

"God in His goodness!" went on muttering Choquet, "That's all very well. But we haven't settled our little difficulty as yet."

"Come, now, Choquet," said I, interrupting him pretty sharply, "we've had enough on that score. M. Ballu has tendered you his best excuses in my presence and cordially invited you to dinner. What more do you want?"

"Dear me," said Choquet, still fascinated by the leg of mutton, "I do think it is beginning to burn at the joint."

The difficulty was now over, and the duelist completely disarmed. We all had dinner. Choquet recounted his duels to the upholsterer, and drank with great gusto his "apologies."

Choquet died in poverty. For over twenty years he had lived on a small pension granted him by the Comte de Chambord. When, however, he received five hundred francs, his wont was to give his friends a supper which cost the same sum, so that on certain days of the year he went supperless to bed. Still, he was extremely punctilious in money matters. Another chapter will throw light on this side of his character.

Several years ago, we were supping, after midnight, at the Vandeville coffee-house. Among those present were Bouffe, the lessee and manager of the Vandeville Theater; Briffant, the journalist; Dr. Laidan, who was the proprietor of the Passage Radzwill; an old lady of the name of Dubois; Armand Murest, then a writer on the staff of the *Tribune*; an old sheriff's officer, called Mouton, and Choquet. The latter had, as usual, grown tender over the fate of the Princes belonging to the elder line; and Mouton, the sheriff's officer, whose political sympathies lay with the Republic, went so far as to say that Charles X. was an old idiot. At this, Choquet, pale with rage, rose from his seat, and said to Mouton:

"I have taken an oath to slap the face of any man who insults my King. I shall now, therefore, slap yours."

The situation was exceedingly grave, and every body felt dreadfully uncomfortable. Choquet suddenly stopped short, and said:

"Dear me! I owe Mouton a lous, and can not strike him without first reimbursing the money. It would be ungenerous in me to act otherwise. Briffant, lend me a lous, will you, that I may slap Mouton's face?"

"I have no change," answered Briffant.

"Bouffe, quick, lend me a lous, that I may cuff Mouton's ears!"

"My dear Choquet," replied Bouffe, "I shall be only too happy to lend you four times the amount outside of this place, but I can not lend you a lous for the purpose you mention."

At that moment I entered the coffee-house.

"Ah! here comes Vilmet," exclaimed Choquet, and bounding toward me he said hurriedly: "Lend me a lous. Quick! I want to box Mouton's ears, and delicacy requires that I should first give back the lous I owe him."

I was at a loss to make out what he meant.

"Don't lend it, don't lend it!" cried out those who were present.

At that time of life, especially, I had a strong reluctance to lend a lous, so I drew back.

The most amusing part of the story is that Bouffe persuaded Mouton to believe that he was no longer in safety.

"A lous, you see, is no large sum," said Bouffe; "Choquet is bound to have a space or some day, and he will carry out his threat. If I were you I should lend him twenty lous; he'll never be able to give back so large a sum, and you are safe for the rest of your life."

So, after supper, Mouton offered to lend Choquet twenty lous, who was dumfounded at the proposal. He saw

the danger, but danger had special attraction for him. He pocketed the gold pieces, and said to Mouton as he did so:

"Never mind; we are not quite yet. The first time I receive my pension you shall get your ears boxed all the same."

Choquet, however, was never able to command so fabulous a sum as twenty lous at any one time, nor to wreak righteous vengeance on the fonder who had insulted and slandered his King.—*Boston Courier Translation from the French of Auguste Vilmet.*

THE CONSTITUTION.

Difficulties Encountered by the Framers of the Incomparable Document.

The constitution of the United States is so brief and so simple that some of our readers may very naturally wonder why it should have been so difficult to make. The convention which formed it, numbering at first fifty-eight members, met in the city of Philadelphia on the 17th of September, 1787. An able body of statesmen has perhaps never assembled, and they labored with intense and anxious concentration of effort for nearly four months. Yet the result of their exertions was a document of short and simple phraseology that could be printed in two or three of these columns, and slowly read in less than an hour. But consider the knotty questions involved in each of those quiet, simple little sentences. The first section of the first article settled one of the most perplexing of them all, by ordaining that Congress should consist of two houses. Now, the inconveniences of having two legislative bodies were about as well-known to the members of the convention as they can be to us.

Those inconveniences are great and numerous. The convention had to consider the obnoxious and extremely conservative character of the British House of Lords. They had also to weigh the probable consequences of confiding all the law-making power to a single house. Here was a great question, not yet finally settled, perhaps. The short paragraph which settled it in the United States for a century, contains the result of countless hours of study, reflection and discussion.

Then, again, there was the question, so important to Rhode Island, New Jersey and Delaware: How shall the smaller States be protected against the superior power and wealth of the larger? In the Continental Congress they had voted by States, a system which had made Delaware's vote of equal weight with that of Virginia; a concession felt by the larger States to be unjust, unwise and not to be endured. On this rock the convention lay for some weeks in most anxious, and we may truly say agonizing, discussion, that the convention reached the expedient of having the States equally represented in the Senate, but represented according to population in the House.

A fearfully difficult matter to arrange grew out of slavery. No one was willing to have the odious word *slave*, or any of its derivatives, in the constitution of a country claiming to be, and meaning to be, the freest under the sun. But the slaves existed; there were supposed to be a million of them. They were an element of power, and in some of the Southern States they were too important not to be considered in the conditions of union.

South Carolina, with her slaves counted out, would have been so insignificant a member of the Union, that she never could have willingly joined it with that proviso. On the other hand, how could the free States concede to the slave States an added weight in the Union proportioned to the number of their slaves, and this without so much as using the offensive and incongruous word? At the same time, the Northern States, where slaves were few—for there was hardly a State in which there were not some slaves—were compensated by adding to the word "representative" the words "and direct taxes." The South was to have its slaves counted in making up the representation in each State, but it must also pay for them.

This was the hard part of the convention had to solve, and they solved it in the way which, upon the whole, was best for the time. We need not shrink from the avowal that this device of Article I, Section 2, which allowed the Southern States to count free slaves as well as slaves, and in the appointment of representatives and direct taxes, was the least compromising compromise that was possible then. The dreadful word, however, was not employed. The slaves came in at the end of an enumeration as "free thirds of all other persons"—a dainty device worthy of Dr. Franklin.

—*Temple's Companion.*

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willis, I suppose I must this once; but you know that after we are married I shall have a will of my own."—*Harper's Bazar.*

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.
PUBLISHED BY SPENCER COOPER.
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Money to Accompany the Name.
SPENCER COOPER, : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, : October 21, 1887.

The approaching election in the State of New York is one of peculiar interest, and is being closely watched by politicians all over the country. That State being the home of the PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, and its electoral vote being necessary to his election next year, makes the fight the more interesting to Democrats. The Republicans have placed at the head of their ticket CAL FBRE GRANT, who is the son of his father, and his name alone will attract thousands of voters. And then, the Labor party, with HENRY GEORGE at the head, may cut a big figure. If he shows any great strength the party that can defeat him will get the votes. The Democrats will throw their votes to the Republican candidate rather than allow GEORGE to win, and the Republicans would join the Democrats to prevent his election. The conservative element in the city of New York, the capitalists and property holders, are afraid of the GEORGE party, and are for anybody to beat him.

The Prohibitionists, also, have a ticket in the field, but it is not expected to develop any great strength at this election. Their votes will come mostly from the Republicans, while the Labor party will draw heaviest from the Democrats. The New York Herald, an independent paper with Democratic tendencies has come out squarely for GRANT. All parties are thoroughly organized and making a spirited canvass, and no doubt a large vote will be polled. On account of the bearing this election will have on the Presidential next year, the result will be looked for with intense interest.

You should avoid all medicines which cause you horrid griping pains; they destroy the coatings of the stomach and may make you an invalid for life; the mild power is the best. Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills will cure chills and fever, biliousness, etc. 25 cents a vial. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

The Prohibition party of Tennessee, though defeated, are by no means discouraged, and the fight for temperance will be renewed with increased vigor. The Methodist Conference in session at Knoxville, and the Tennessee Baptist Association in session at Jonesville, have passed resolutions demanding a general local option law. At the election in September, on a prohibition amendment to the Constitution, over 100,000 votes were polled by the temperance people. This large vote is enough to encourage the Prohibition party to redouble their efforts in another struggle against the liquor traffic. The prohibition sentiment is growing rapidly, and it is evident that the Prohibition party is destined soon to play an important part in American politics.

Sick headache and a sensation of oppression and dullness in the head, are very commonly produced by indigestion, morbid despondency, irritability and over sensitiveness of the nerves may, in a majority of cases, be traced to the same cause. Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm and Pills will positively cure. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

Suffered Enough.
Gov. Buckner has refused to pardon John J. Cornelison, of Mt. Sterling, who is serving a three year's sentence in his county's jail for an assault committed on Judge Reid four years ago, which is said to have driven that gentleman to suicide. Well, well, Governor Buckner is a bigger man than we are, and his opinion is liable to be given much more publicity and weight than ours, but when we assert as our opinion that Cornelison's punishment has already been sufficient, so far as the vindication of the law is concerned, we believe that a majority of citizens acquainted with the history of the case, agree with us. Justice tempered with a little mercy in this case would meet public approval whereas the members of the theological sect with which Judge Reid affiliated indomed it or not. In fact, we have heard it charged that a want of charity on the part of the members of that church has gone a long way toward preventing and leniency that might have been shown Cornelison. In their desire for revenge they have not been unwilling to see destruction visited upon the family of him, who, at most, can be considered only the indirect cause of their grievance.—Cumberland Valley News.

It is reported here that Mr. HUNTINGTON says that if Mr. Sterling will do her duty he will extend the K. & S. A. railroad to Hazel Green by the first of March. Now, let the Mt. Sterling people do their duty like little men, and we will call them blessed.

GENERAL NEWS.

Frank James, the notorious ex-outlaw, is said to be dying at Dallas, Texas, whither he went six months ago. Mrs. E. B. Burns, living near Flemingsburg, Ky., was fatally injured by being thrown from her buggy. The horse was frightened by a train and became unmanageable.

Cattle are dying so fast in the vicinity of Nicholasville, Ky., with an unknown disease, that the farmers believe it the result of poison. George W. Goode lost four valuable mules in one day.

The barn of Simpson Vice, at Grange City, Fleming county, was destroyed by fire last week. The fire was started by a boy who was monkeying with matches in some straw. Loss \$2,000; no insurance.

The Insane Asylum at Cleveland, O., was partially destroyed by fire on the 12th inst. One of the inmates, an old woman, was burned or smothered to death. Several others were badly injured.

Mrs. Nancy Hedges, a widow aged five, dropped dead at her home in Hillsboro, on the 13th inst. She had been in perfect health, and had raised her hand to frighten away a dog, when she instantly expired.

Near Kansas City, Mo., last week a fast express train ran into an accommodation train, and killed one lady passenger and wounded several others. The carelessness of the train dispatcher is said to be the cause of the accident.

A frightful railroad wreck occurred at Kouts, Ind., on the 11th inst., in which nine persons were killed and many others injured. A heavy freight train, dashing into a passenger train while the latter was taking water, caused the disaster.

Last week near Henderson, Ky., Geo. W. Lively committed suicide by hanging himself. He had been gambling and losing a considerable amount of money, and it is supposed that this is the cause of his rash act. He was about fifty years of age.

Patents were issued to Kentucky inventors the past week as follows: Henry Boutet, Ludlow, railway scraper and lever; John Fisher, Louisville, harness saddle and pad; Matthew Hindmarch, Cincinnati, jaw splitters, (Gorhamville), draft attachment for harrows; John E. Watson, assignor to International Electrical Company, Louisville, operating electrical clock controllers.

Elijah Mahaffey, seventeen years old, was killed by being caught in the cogs of a cane mill at Winchester, Ohio, last week. The mill was taken apart and the mangled remains of the lad were taken out. A hole was torn in his right chest that penetrated through his body, grinding the heart and lungs and stripping the flesh from his right arm. The cogs were above the child's head, and how he was caught in the mill is a mystery.

The body of a man was caught floating in the river, near Ironton, Ohio, on the 12th inst. "Squire Kline was notified, and as evidences of foul play were plainly visible, an inquest was held. Drs. Littlejohn and Scharla made a post-mortem examination and found a gunshot wound just below the left eye, a lead cut on the head, probably also produced by a bullet. The remains were identified as Charles Callahan, of Ohio Furnace, near Ironton. The coroner rendered a verdict that deceased came to his death from violence at the hands of unknown parties. The police are investigating.

At Russellville, Ky., last week a futile attempt was made by a mob either toynch or liberate two or more of the prisoners in jail, but which was their true object it is difficult to conclude. About twelve o'clock the jailer was called up and an entrance to the jail demanded. This was refused and the door was immediately broken open. This aroused the prisoners, and they began a chorus of yells and entreaties, which sounded like pandemonium turned loose. The mob seized the jailer and ordered him to produce the keys, but this he refused to do, and the mob was about to deal violently with him when they were frightened off by the approach of citizens. All made their escape without detection. It is thought by many that the mob was composed of the friends of John Gilbert, who is a notorious thief, and the intention of setting him at liberty. The affair has caused great excitement and will be thoroughly investigated.

You will have no use for spectacles if you use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve; it removes the film and scum which accumulates on the eye balls, subdues inflammation, cools and soothes the irritated nerves, strengthens weak and failing sight. 25c. a box. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

Hon. W. P. Taulbee, who is in the city to see his sick brother, notice of which appears elsewhere, says it is true that he has bought property in Washington, and he did so to avoid paying high rents, but he does not intend to make that his permanent abode. He still claims Salyersville his home.

By request, Mr. Taulbee preached at the Methodist Church, Wednesday night to a crowded house, and his auditors were delighted. Mr. Taulbee is an able and eloquent speaker on all topics, and is quite at home in the pulpit.—Sentinel-Democrat.



Send all orders sent to J. T. & F. Day and will have our best attention.

To every person who will send us \$5 in cash and nine subscribers, we will send THE HERALD one year free

Get your blanks at this office and you will save money.

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CINCINNATI ENQUIRER FOR 1888.

An epoch in the history of American politics that promises serious and radical changes in the past and present schemes of the

Buyers and Sellers of Legislation and Political Favor.

Of wealth produced, 50 per cent. to the non-producer and 50 per cent. for the actual producer is the unequal division between

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Labor Field has been carefully kept open for all comers, and promiscuous immigration not only encouraged, but the very worst foreign pauper labor has been contracted for and imported, in order that competition would cheapen the cost of labor and force it to accept any price offered, while EVERY AVENUE OF COMMERCE HAS BEEN EFFICIENTLY CLOGGED IN THE INTERESTS OF MONOPOLIES AND MANUFACTURERS, CORPORATIONS AND CAPITAL. Thus it is the

Rich Grow Richer and the Poor Poorer

A Money Power has dictated legislation and the administration of justice by the State and Nation, to such an extent as to render the Elective Franchise a nullity, if not a farce, and elected officials mere puppets.

TRUE TO ITS PAST HISTORY.

The editorial page of THE ENQUIRER will present a review of the major causes and of the disruption in a series of masterly and unimpeachable articles that will show who and where and when originated the infamous class legislation. During this crisis a subsidized press, denigrating speeches and honorable politicians so demoralize the public mind that a reliable source of full, reliable, extensive, and of the highest value to the community, and of the highest value to every voter of the FREE REPUBLICAN PARTY, is a necessity. THE ENQUIRER is the only paper that values its moral and constitutional rights worth preserving.

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THE ENQUIRER will stand without a peer. Its Guide for buyers and sellers of merchandise and produce, its market reports will find a ready sale, its reliable news, and of its highest value from every commercial center. While its size and quantity of material, its price is equal to two of the ordinary ones, all of which, and other advantages, make it a necessity.

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AND THE

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CALL AND SEE THE BOOKS.

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Our Circular Saws stand at the head of the market on their merits in workmanship, toughness and elasticity of temper and quality of steel. Also a full line of French Hand Saws in stock at our own manufacture.

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Work fully warranted and at Rock Bottom Prices. Send for Price List with Best Discounts

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Hazel Green, Ky., for new work, or saws for repair, will be promptly forwarded to us, myself.

NEW, FRESH—AND—CLEAN GOODS!

I am now receiving New Goods, and my stock of General Merchandise is now complete, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies' and Gents Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps; Queensware, Hardware, Groceries, Drugs, Saddlery, and a variety of articles too numerous and too tedious to mention.

I propose to sell them Cheaper for Spot Cash than ever before known in this market.

Call on me, and you can Save Big Money. I'll divide profits with you.

C. B. SWANCO.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S

ESTABLISHED 1891. It is now nearly 20 years that this medicine was offered as a remedy for Worms, and from that time to the present it is almost universally acknowledged throughout nearly all parts of the world to be the best and most reliable remedy for the cure of all cases of intestinal worms.

It has been manufactured all over the country, but their short lease of life is nearly exhausted, and B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge continues to grow in favor daily. Children often look pale and sickly from the worms they are irritable and feverish, sometimes grinding their teeth and eating raw meat. When they are given this medicine, and given a mild purgative the next day, the worms are expelled, and the child is restored to its normal state of health.

Many a helpless child has been laid in the grave, when the disease which caused its death has been cured by this medicine. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of intestinal worms.

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Marriages and deaths, notices free; tributes of respect and obituaries 5 cents a line.

Announcements of candidates for State or District offices, \$10; County offices, \$5; calls on persons to become candidates and their answers, 5 cents a line. Payable invariably in advance.

No name will be entered upon the list of subscribers for the Herald paid for, and all subscriptions are stopped at expiration of time paid for, notice of which will be indicated by a cross mark (X) on the margin in front of your name. A prompt renewal will insure its continuance.

SPENCER COOPER.

GARRISON, HE SELLS CHEAP

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, CUTLERY, MASONIC TEMPLE, JULY MT. STERLING, KY.

HERE AND THERE.

Look out for the Red X Cross on your paper. It denotes that your time is up, and unless renewed at once the paper will stop coming.

Miles Kash and daughter, of Mt. Sterling, were visiting friends here last week.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt will preach at Laurel school house, this county, next Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Henry Franklin Pieratt, formerly of this place, but now of West Liberty, paid Hazel Green a flying visit Sunday.

Rev. Leander Lacy, evangelist of the Christian Church for Wolfe county, will begin his labors about November 10th.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt will begin a meeting at White Oak on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in this month, at three o'clock P. M.

H. G. Arnett, a merchant of Hendricks, Magoffin county, passed through town Wednesday. He had been to Mt. Sterling on business.

David Roberts was convicted in the Morgan circuit court last week for the murder of James Kendall in 1863, and given a life sentence in the penitentiary.

J. W. Hedden, of the Mt. Sterling Gazette, was in town Sunday, en route to Salysville. He thinks the prospect for the extension of the K. & S. A. railroad is good.

John Lyons, who killed Harrison Jones in Menefee county, on the 5th inst, had his examining trial at Frenchburg last week, and was bound over in the sum of \$1,000.

FOR SALE.—I have 50,000 or 60,000 brick for sale at \$8.00 per thousand. Call on J. T. Pieratt, Hazel Green, Ky. Terms cash. 2521 HENRY F. PIERATT.

WANTED.—I wish to buy 200 bushels of Pieratt canal coal, for which I will pay twenty-one (21) cents per bushel delivered at Kothwell station. RUSSELL W. TABOR.

The store house of J. T. Center, at Camp-ton, caught fire from a defective fuse last Monday, and caused a great loss, but fortunately the fire was extinguished before any damage was done.

Dr. J. B. Taulbee arrived here from Arizona last Tuesday night. He came back for the purpose of attending on his brother, Sam, an account of whose illness appears in this paper. He left his family in Arizona and will return in a few days.

We will bet a gingerbread against a hog of buttermilk that the Hazel Green and Salysville base ball teams can beat anything in the United States on scores. One hundred and forty-four runs in eight innings. Gee-whillikins! that can't be beat.

WANTED.—We wish to purchase from 100 to 250 bushels of corn in the ear, for which cash will be paid. The lowest and best bidder will secure the contract. Cor. to be delivered at Hazel Green. Leave bids at THE HERALD office. TABOR & RINGO.

Any and everything that can be executed with new type, first class press and fine paper, in the hands of skilled mechanics, may be had at this office at less than city prices. It will pay any man in Eastern Kentucky to get his printing at THE HERALD office. Send for estimates, and state exactly what you want.

The Hazel Green boys, who went to Salysville to play a match game of base ball last Saturday, though defeated, seemed well pleased with their trip. They speak in the highest terms of the hospitality and general demeanor of the people of that place. The large crowd that was out to witness the game kept perfect order, the umpire was strictly impartial and everything went merrily as a marriage bell. They were also delighted with their treatment at the Hammond House, where they stopped.

Sam H. Taulbee, of Morgan county, was stricken with paralysis in the lower limbs, about three weeks ago, and is unable to move either leg, and the disease is extending up his body. He was brought to the city last Saturday by his brothers, Dr. John Adick and Dick, and is at the residence of Dr. R. P. Gierant, who is treating him. Dr. G. thinks Mr. Taulbee better since he came, and can determine by tomorrow whether he will recover or not. In answer to telegrams, Congressman W. P. Taulbee, came from Washington, and Dr. J. Breck Taulbee came from Arizona, and are at the bedside of their brother. The stricken man is about thirty years of age, and has a family. He is an excellent citizen, and much interest is manifested in his case. We sincerely hope he may speedily recover.—Sentinel-Democrat.

In another column will be found an account of the marriage of Elder Bruce Trimble to Miss Nora Cassidy, of J. W. Miller to Miss Belle Turner, at Mt. Sterling last week. Mr. Trimble and Miss Turner are well and favorable known in Hazel Green, and their many friends and relatives here will be rejoiced to learn of their good fortune. The Hazel Green sends greeting to the two happy couples, and wish them a long life of happiness and usefulness.

J. W. Cravens and wife, of Sharpburg, arrived here last week, and are looking around with a view to locating here. Mr. Cravens will buy property here if he can find a place that will suit him. He will engage in the undertaking and tombstone business. This is a new enterprise in this section, but no doubt a paying business can be worked up.

Sam Taulbee, who was taken to Mt. Sterling about two weeks ago to be treated for paralysis, was brought back to this place last Tuesday and taken home Wednesday. The physicians attending him think he is some better, though he is still in a very critical condition. He was attended by his brothers, Dr. J. A. and J. B. Taulbee.

At the match game of base ball at Salysville last Saturday, J. W. Gardner, of Salysville, umpired the game, and Judge G. H. Swango, of Hazel Green, kept the scores, and all agree that both gentlemen acted perfectly fair and honorable, giving each nine all they were entitled to, and no more.

COX'S MILL.

[Special Correspondence.] COX'S MILL, Oct. 15.—W. T. Day was in our midst last week, en route home from Camp-ton.

Uncle Stephen Catron, of Pomroyton, was the guest of his daughters, Mrs. John and Mrs. F. Cox, last week.

Master W. Landrum left yesterday for Breathitt and will be absent several days. U. S. Marshal John Cox is off to Menefee county on business.

Oscar McNabb has moved to his new dwelling house, on Chapel Branch. Misses Leo and Ada Redwine, of Montsoplin county, are in our city.

Died—On Sunday last, infant child of Joseph Catron.

Coroner F. Cox, of this place, has been at Camp-ton the past week on business. The school at this place, conducted by Joe Catron, is progressing nicely.

Ben F. Cox, Mark Edgerton and Joseph Cornett, Misses Lucy B. Cox, Louellen Cox and Margaret Landrum attended meeting at Flat Rock Sunday last. They report a good sermon and a nice time.

Frank Kline and John Catron, of Clifty, have been in this vicinity for the past week. L. M. Harker, of Callahan, was in this vicinity last week buying timber.

Samuel Lykins has been suffering for some time with a severe cut on his foot, received while cutting corn.

A. B. Landrum has been absent for several days, looking after the estate of A. J. Cox, deceased.

Robert Sweeney, of Lexington, returned home Monday.

Miss Mollie, daughter of Miles Kash, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting in this community.

The funeral of Kate Lawson and one of I. L. Honaker's children will be preached at Honaker's home, near Sandfield, on Sunday, October 23rd. PAP.

CAMP-TON.

CAMP-TON, Oct. 16.—Mrs. Emma Byrd has returned from Lane, where she has been attending the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Connelton.

Died—Near this place on Friday last, of scrofula, Claude, son of Boone Spencer. Deputy Sheriff Thomas M. Tutt and wife are visiting relatives at this place.

Joseph C. Lykins has returned from West Liberty, where he has been attending court. Mrs. Emma Byrd has been quite sick for several days.

Rev. David Hogg, of the Christian Church, preached at the Wierman mill pond, about a mile from here, this morning, and baptized Mrs. Jane Campbell.

The roof of the steam mill caught on fire last Wednesday, causing quite a commotion among the boys, but fortunately the fire was discovered and extinguished before much damage was done.

The funeral of Laura Tutt, who died here about a year ago, will be preached next Sunday on Stillwater.

Dr. James Tutt and wife, of Stillwater, were in town Saturday.

F. Bellock and C. M. Hanks, Jr., have just returned from Louisville, where they were summoned to appear as witnesses against violators of the Revenue laws.

People in this section are very busy making sorghum. RES.

THE HAZEL GREENS DOWNED.

The Salysville Boys Wipe up the Earth With Them and Have a Few Runs to Spare.

SALYSVILLE, Oct. 15.—We were well pleased to see the Hazel Green base ball nine drive into our quiet little village, on Saturday morning, for the purpose of playing the long talked of game with our boys. The game began at one o'clock and lasted about four hours, every dark compelled a call at the end of the eighth inning. Every one thought it would be a closely contested game, but none expected quite such a victory for the Salysville nine after the "drubbing" they received at Hazel Green. An immense crowd witnessed the game, and all enjoyed it. Especially were the fair ladies enthusiastic over our success. Everything passed off well, and good order was observed by all. We feel it do not venture too far when we say we believe the Hazel Green boys left for home with a kindly feeling for all, even under the impression that they bore with becoming dignity and cheerfulness.

The following table shows the runs made by each player:

Hazel Green	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
J. B. Davis	2	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	7
W. T. Swango	1	3	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	6
J. W. Cravens	1	3	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	6
R. A. Kash	2	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	8
J. H. Evans	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3
E. R. Adams	1	1	0	2	1	1	1	0	1	10
Chas. Swango	1	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	5
A. H. McClain	1	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	6
E. Lacy	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	6
Totals	8	2	0	2	6	2	6	1	5	41

SALYSVILLE, Oct. 15.—The following table shows the runs made by each player:

Salysville	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
G. Grigsby	1	0	2	0	1	2	1	0	1	9
G. Gardner	1	0	2	0	1	2	1	0	1	9
J. Johnson	1	0	2	0	1	2	1	0	1	9
J. P. Adams	2	1	0	2	1	0	1	0	1	8
E. R. Adams	1	2	0	2	1	1	1	0	1	10
Chas. Swango	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	8
A. L. F.	1	1	2	1	3	1	1	0	1	12
J. Gardner	1	2	0	2	1	1	1	0	1	10
H. Atkeson	1	2	0	2	1	1	1	0	1	10
Totals	11	9	1	9	15	21	9	7	9	93

NOTES.

The ladies we found in their praise of Rolfe Kash's good looks and pretty stonings.

It was generally conceded that Harlan McClain was the best fielder of the nine.

Elmerworth Lacy was compelled to retire from the game the third inning on account of a severe accident to his finger, caused by a thrown ball. His place was filled by James Scrago most creditably.

Charles Swango still maintains his reputation as a short stop.

W. T. Swango caught behind the bat, but was relieved in time to time by Cravens and Davis.

Frank Taylor was also overcome with meeting old school mates, and forgot to "get there."

Cravens as pitcher was thoroughly artistic if not scientific.

John Evans was laboring under the idea that he was to amuse the audience, and forgot to get a first base hit.

Judge Swango's enthusiasm seems to have cooled "since we met."

George Grigsby pitched a fine game for the Salysville club. He grinned all over his face.

George Gardner was a new hand, but made a good record, and the only home run that was made.

John L. Johnson played first base creditably to himself, his family and his friends.

James P. Adams made the finest play, by running backwards and catching a fly. But oh, didn't his face turn red.

Dean Gardner made a better record as short stop than he did at Hazel Green, and as bat breaker in still in the lead.

James A. Rowland surprised his friends by his good playing.

Jim Press Adams made more runs and fewer outs than any of the nine.

John Gardner thinks there is more consolation in victory than in defeat. He did. He did. Harry Atkins went through the game without breaking his "spine," and therefore saw enough holes to make up the deficiency at Hazel Green.

D. W. Gardner and Frank Atkeson acted as umpires, and gave satisfaction to all by their fair decisions. SAYERS.

Maytown Mill Co.

MAYTOWN, KENTUCKY.

WOOL CARDING, Grinding and Sawing,

Done promptly, and in workmanlike manner. Flour, Meal, Feed and Lumber.

For sale cheap for cash. Come and see. W. W. MANKEE, Manager. J. L. Dunlap, J. B. Dunlap, W. G. Barrett.

DUNLAP BROS. & CO.,

Wholesale Manufacturers of

SADDLERY, HARNESS, ETC.,

AND DEALERS IN

SADDLERY HARDWARE,

728 and 730 W. Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Represented by BOB MUNNELLY 2017.



J. T. & F. DAY, HAZEL GREEN, KY., are Sole Agents for Eastern Kentucky for KERR'S ROLLER MILL FLOUR, and carry a large supply of the following brands, PERFECTION, Wheat Extract, WHITE FLOUR, Patent Roller, MAGNOLIA, Roller Fancy, SILVER LAKE, Roller Family, GLOBE, Superfine, upon which they will quote prices and deliver at Hazel Green or Kothwell Station. 2521

SHERIFF'S SALE FOR TAXES

By virtue of Taxes due the Sheriff of Wolfe county for the years 1886-7, for one of my deputies, will, on MONDAY, THE 27th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1887, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M., at the court house door in Wolfe county, Ky., expose to public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, or such thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of the Taxes due aforesaid, and costs, to-wit:

175 Acres of land, listed in the name of I. S. T. Caudill, adjoining the land of L. M. Day in District No. 2.

214 Acres of land listed in the name of Maitha A. Little, adjoining the land of Elsbeth Little, in District No. 2.

100 Acres of land listed in the name of Aubrey Back, adjoining the land of Robt. Back in District No. 2. Also, school tax of 25 cents on each \$100 worth of land.

House and lot in Dayshober, listed in the name of Thos. V. Backler.

G. T. CENTER, Sheriff W. C.

LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLE, HAZEL GREEN, KY.

HAVING FITTED UP A FIRST-CLASS STABLE and provided myself with good saddle and harness horses and vehicles I respectfully solicit the public patronage. I will feed horses by the single feed, day, week or month, and take pleasure in giving all the care entrusted to me an especial attention. Horses bought and sold on commission, and will drive horses to harness for all who desire my services. All charges reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Stable in connection with Day House. 2521 J. H. PIERATT.

WARREN & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Boots and Shoes.

No. 611 Main Street, 10 Summer St., Louisville, Ky. Boston, Mass.

Represented by J. B. Blackburn.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.

Fall Term Begun MONDAY, AUGUST 15th, 1887.

New, clean, large, well-ventilated buildings, furnished with new improved school furniture.

Full Corps Competent Teachers. Tuition, Board and Incidental Expenses Reasonable.

For further information call on or address Hazel Green Academy Co., Hazel Green, Wolfe county, Ky.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK, MT. STERLING, KY.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President. A. W. W. THOMSON, Cashier. DIRECTORS: JAMES CHOWN, ANDREW FEELEY, DR. R. R. DRAKE, J. T. HIGHLAND.

Smith P. Kerr,

Manufacturer of

Best Grades of Full

Roller Flour,

AND DEALER IN

Grain, Feed, &c.,

WINCHESTER, KY.

Guarantee Satisfaction in Grade and Prices at all times.

are Sole Agents for Eastern Kentucky for KERR'S ROLLER MILL FLOUR, and carry a large supply of the following brands, PERFECTION, Wheat Extract, WHITE FLOUR, Patent Roller, MAGNOLIA, Roller Fancy, SILVER LAKE, Roller Family, GLOBE, Superfine, upon which they will quote prices and deliver at Hazel Green or Kothwell Station. 2521

LOUIS STIX & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN DRY GOODS.

NOTIONS

THIRD, EACE & UNION STREETS, Cincinnati.

JAMES P. FANT, WITH THE Old Reliable Hat House

W. S. DICKINSON & CO., DEALERS IN GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, ETC., Corner Pearl and Vine, CINCINNATI, O.

Will always be found ready to attend to the wants of the patrons of the house. Thankful for past patronage, you are invited to call and see as when in the city, and Uncle Jim Faint promises to put on his best good looks when waiting upon you. 2521

G. H. Dean, Kile & Pollard, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Queensware, Glassware, Lamps, &c.,

Decorated Dinner, Tea, and Chamber Ware, Northwest corner Pearl and Walnut Streets, CINCINNATI.

2521 RICHARD HANKS & CO.,

GROCERS,

No. 29 Vine Street, CINCINNATI.

Abe Bloch & Co., Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's

CLOTHING

122 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

NOTICE.

All persons wanting blacksmithing of any or all kinds, wagon made or repaired, harness, spring wagons, plows stocked out, rollers, turning plows repaired, plows made and laid, hoes, mattocks, and barbed shed in the best style, call on TYLER & DAY, Hazel Green, Ky.

YOU can live at home and make more money at work for us than anywhere else in the world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings start from first start. Costly outfit and travel free. Better not delay. Come you nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLERT & CO., Portland, Me.

OLD PAPERS: 100 for FORTY CENTS, at this office.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Good Men Can Not be Kept
Down.

**Christian Character Compels the World
to Honor It, and a Religious Life is Not
to be Despised—Sermon by Rev. T. De
Witt Talmage, D. D.**

BROOKLYN. —After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture, Dr. Talmage took his text from Genesis xii., 61: "And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." The subject of the sermon was: "The Prime Minister." Dr. Talmage said:

You cannot keep a good man down, God has decreed for him a certain elevation to which he must attain. He will bring him through though it cost Him a ransom of blood. He will not instantly in trouble let them shall not be appreciated. Every man comes in the end to be valued at just what he is worth. How often you see men turn out all their strength and power and then to find out how they succeeded! No better than did the government that tried to crush Joseph, a Scripture character upon which we speak to-day. It would be an insult to our country to compare it with the government with the life of Joseph; how his jealous brothers threw him into the pit, but, seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants moving along on their camels with sacks of corn, he cried out to the driver, "Bring down my brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt." How Joseph was sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how, by his integrity, he rose to a high position; how he was thrown again under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurried into the penitentiary; how, in prison, he commanded respect and confidence; how, by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, he became a ruler over the land. For Government—the Bismarck of the nation; how, in time of famine, Joseph had control of a store-house which he had filled during the seven years of plenty; how, when the famine came, he was able to save the people the pit and send him into captivity, applied for even, he sent them home with their beasts bowed down under the heft of their corn sacks; how, the slave against their will, he was made a ruler over Egypt; how, at the end of last, and was returned by that brother's brothers and kindred, an illustrious triumph—Christians prize

Athena in the ears said: "I would like to become a Christian if I only knew what religion is. But if this lying and cheating and bad behavior among men who profess to be good is religion, I want none of it. But, my friends, if I am an artist in Rome and a men come to me and asks what I

[illegible]

Furthermore, we learn from this story that the property of laying up for the future is a virtue. During seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded store-house. The life of most men in a worldly respect is divided into years of plenty and famine. The latter years are the years of adversity through life without at least seven years of plenty. During these adverse prosperous years your business bears a rich harvest. You hardly know where the money comes from, it comes so fast. You have to be careful not to let it run into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are acquainted with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. Yet wonder how men can be content with

SCHOOLS IN ALASKA.

The Educational Advantages Enjoyed by the Natives Living Near Sitka.

The houses of the natives are all numerous in large figures, painted in black over the front and only entrance to their homes, the numbers running consecutively. This metropolitan feature was introduced by one Captain Glass, a United States military officer, then stationed at Sitka, and was inaugurated as a military measure before the civil government was established, and for the purpose of locating and identifying

SCHOOLS IN ALASKA

A Precious Little Book.
The Brodrian Library purchased at a sale a small volume described in the catalogue as "The Life of the Queen, by N. Y. B." This is now found to be the *Life of the Queen*, written by one of the Gospels recited during the mass which belonged to St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, and was the first of the *Prayers for the Brethren and Mother of Matilda, the wife of Henry I.* and the foundress of Dunfermline Abbey, who died in 1063. It is beautifully illuminated in the style of the *Prayers for the Evangelists*, in the English style of the first part of the eleventh century. From a large number in "The Life of the Queen," by Thomas Comarford and Thomas Comarford, it is clear that this very book was believed to have been the subject of the *Prayers for the Brethren and Mother of Matilda* for a considerable time without receding in injury. The MS. was consequently in the possession of Lord William Howard (1790-1860) who gave it to the present library. N. Y. B.

THEY who boast must fail most, yet
WORDS are silent.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Soft gigglings of a Couple Whose Snuggles

"Lushels I"—Tvd. Bita.

A Precious Little Book.

The Bodleian Library purchased at a sale of the collection of books of the late Mrs. Quinton Evangelina, sec. XIV. "This was found to be the Evangelatarium, or portrait of the twelve Apostles relating the time which they spent in the East, and the water which belonged to them, and which was in the possession of the family of the Sossland, the granddaughter of Edmund Ironside and mother of Matilda, the wife of Henry I. The friend of the founder of the Abbey, who died in 1083. It is beautifully illuminated with four full-page pictures of the Apostles, and is the friend of the founder of the first part of the eleventh century. From the passage in the "Life of the Queen, by Turgot, compared with an inscription in the volume, it is believed to have been the subject of a miracle, in having been immersed in a river, and having been found again, and the injury. The MS. was consequently in the possession of Lord William Howard (d. 1700), who gave it the present binding. N. Y. 2. 2. 2.

They who boast must fall, and those who are silent.

TEMPERANCE.

THE LAST GLASS.

A merry crowd, a careless throng,
Where fanning glass, beat and song
Filled up the hours.
There gathered round and jeered men,
And far-faced boys, within that den
Of Satan's powers.

One came as often as the rest,
To share the flowing wine and jest,
With reckless air.
As if pursued by fiends within
He sought the place where drink and din
Nodded careless.

One night the usual glass was poured,
Aid the riotous scene occurred
By some who feared.
The poison aimed at him he slips,
When from his hands the goblet slips,
Without a word.

A mottled stain—a dagger air—
A sudden fall—a general stare—
Then loud and clear
He spoke: "I'll use another glass—
My nerves are shaky—let it pass—
Here's to all here."

He lifted up the glass again,
But set it down and faced the men
Who sat around.
"But," and his voice was hoarse with dread—
"I can not drink that there drink and din
Without a word."

Like emotional laughter—then his face,
All stern and white, exhaled the place,
And silence fell.
"I can not drink that there drink and din
Without a word."

"I can not drink it," for there was
A face above the foam that brims—
The face of one
Whose heart would ache to see her here;
Whose heart would break, I am so dear;
Hoy, I am done—

"Done with the poison; here's my hand;
With God's help I mean to stand
By all I say.
And stand by her whose dear face lies
Between me and the reveries
I leave today—
—Emma Lytton, in Detroit Free Press.

THE WORK OF BEER.

The Malt Liquor Responsible for a Large
Share of Female Inebriety.
"Beer does it,"
"Beer does it," asked the reporter.

"It starts them," replied the police
sergeant. "Do you see that woman?"
It would have been impossible not
to see her, and having seen her once
it would be even more difficult to forget
her. She was not old, yet she was
bent and crooked as a scrub oak. Her
dress was of the poorest quality, be-
dragged, soiled and mugged. Her face
was seamed with lines of disipation,
and her brown hair hung down her
back in a matted and tangled coil. She
leaned heavily against the sergeant's
desk, and looked delicately around her.

"Mary," said the sergeant, "what is
it this time?" responded the woman.
"What is it, officer?"

"Drink and disorder," replied the
officer. "She was singing 'There
is a better land' to the tune of 'We
won't go home till morning' on Tenth
avenue about an hour ago, and when I
went to take her in she laid down in
the gutter and got a trunk to
hand her to the station house," and the
officer wiped his face as though the re-
collection even his mind was warm.

"Take her down stairs," remarked
the sergeant. "No need of question-
ing her. I know her pedigree. Ten
years ago," continued the sergeant,
addressing the woman, "Mary was
as pretty a girl as lived in this ward. I
once thought of marrying her myself,
but a friend of mine was ahead of me
and the wedding was the event of the
season."

"What is the cause of her down-
fall?"

"Beer started her. John, her hus-
band—was divorced from her five
years ago—used to bring home beer in
the evening, and she got to like it too
well. Now she drinks stale beer in tin
cans when she can't get whisky or
rum. I tell you, beer starts most of
them. Out of fifty women arrested
here last summer I learned that thirty
of them got their first taste for liquor
from beer."

The reporter questioned a promi-
nent physician of this city, who has
for several years connected with the
staff of the Fort Hamilton Home for
Inebriates, regarding the way women
begin to drink.

"I have studied rather carefully into
this subject," replied the doctor, "and
have a few figures which may be in-
teresting. Out of 200 inebriated wom-
en, some of whom belong to our so-
called first society," I found that 127
began their drinking by the use of
beer, 37 by drinking whisky (as punch
at first usually), 20 began with wine,
8 with gin, and 11 could not remember
what beverage was first used. Of the
beverages first used, while in but 37
cases it began with whisky, in 187
it had become the favorite be-
verage. Several hopeless drunk-
ards have gone toward insanity,
had never drank any other intoxi-
cant than beer. One hundred and
twenty-two were committed to prison
for drunkenness, 56 for offenses
against chastity, 16 for public order
and 16 for crimes against property. Their
ages when last committed averaged
20 years. Sixty-five were between
30 and 41 years of age, 49 between 20
and 31 years of age, 34 between 20
and 36 years of age, 30 between 15 and 21
years of age. The remainder were
over 41 years of age."

LONGEVITY AND LIQUOR.

Interesting Drinks the Most Powerful
Obstacles to Long Life.
There is much in modern life that
tends to shorten existence and to
diminish the probability that a man or
woman will reach the golden age of
three hundred. We least more exci-
tating and more wearying lives. It is
in vain that a person has a splendid
constitution to begin with, wears flau-
nel, or the equivalent of flannel, next
to his skin, dwells in a warm, dry
house, eats and drinks every-
thing that is good and wholesome, and
at the same time he habitually over-
taxes his strength, looks upon his
muscles as mere machinery to be
driven at high pressure, and ruthlessly
calls upon his nerves to squander their
reserve power when every other
source of energy is exhausted. Men
or women who intend to be
centenarians in these days must com-
bine something of the old mode of life
with something of the new mode of
living. They must, while availing
themselves of all the scientific discov-
eries and sanitary appliances of the
age, imitate their grandfathers in the
steady and tranquil habits that pro-
vided for the invention of locomotives
and the telegraph. They must have
their eight hours of sleep regularly,
must have intervals of re-
pose, must not exhaust their strength
by over-exertion, must spend a portion of
their waking hours in the open air. Nor
will that suffice; there will have to be
regularity in the hours of their meals,
and discipline in the ordering of the
dish of which the meals are com-
posed. We cannot believe that any
body will ever live to one hundred
who eats a heavy dinner every night
of his life at eight o'clock. Cham-
pagne and brandies, Bordeaux or Bur-
gundy should be forewarned by persons
who deliberately set before them the
attainment of one hundred birthday.
Neither, with such an end in view,
would the active life of a politician,
a lawyer or a doctor be a sane enter-
prise. In order to reach that distant
goal there must be a training. If not
severe, at least regular and undiluted.
Most of all there must prevail
in the existence of each person a true
quill serenity, an untroubled calm.
Neither generous passions nor enthu-
siastic ideals must be allowed admi-
tance. The pulse must never be
driven up beyond a certain point,
either by work, by anxiety, by fear or
by love. At the same time, mere
stagnation will, in all probability
never enable a person to live to one
hundred. There is such a thing as
rusting out as well as wearing out. If
a candle does not burn brightly
enough, it does not consume the wax
with rapidity, and the same may be
said of adequate combustion. It is so, no
doubt, with the human body and the
human spirit.—London Standard.

"How did this drinking affect their
children?"
"I have some statistics on this sub-
ject. Out of 111 inebriate mothers,
53 of whom had inebriate husbands,
408 children were born. Of these 227
perished in infancy and early child-
hood, and of the survivors many are
doomed evidently to an early death.
In many cases the death of these chil-
dren was indirectly due to the inebri-
ety of the parents, as cold, deprivation,
etc. As a general rule, however, the
women began to drink intoxicants be-
fore they were ten years of age; 11 be-
tween the ages of 9 and 15; 74 between
14 and 21; 57 between 20 and 26; 33
between 26 and 31; 19 between 30 and
41; 3 between 40 and 51."

"In early life?"
"The average age when they began
was 18 years. More than one-half
had formed habits of intemperance be-
fore they were 21 years of age, and
more than one-third at the giddy age
of from 15 to 20 inclusive. One hun-
dred and thirty-two began to drink so-
berly and with female friends."

The police sergeant was right.
"Beer does it,"—N. Y. Mail and Ex-
press.

"I can not drink it," for there was
A face above the foam that brims—
The face of one
Whose heart would ache to see her here;
Whose heart would break, I am so dear;
Hoy, I am done—

"Done with the poison; here's my hand;
With God's help I mean to stand
By all I say.
And stand by her whose dear face lies
Between me and the reveries
I leave today—
—Emma Lytton, in Detroit Free Press.

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With God's help I mean to stand
By all I say.
And stand by her whose dear face lies
Between me and the reveries
I leave today—
—Emma Lytton, in Detroit Free Press.

"I can not drink it," for there was
A face above the foam that brims—
The face of one
Whose heart would ache to see her here;
Whose heart would break, I am so dear;
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CURRENT ITEMS.

An enormous oil field has been dis-
covered in Venezuela, near Lake Mar-
acaibo.

An engineer on the Wabash rail-
way, whose train has yet to meet with
its first accident, attributed his good
luck to a cat that has been his constant
companion in the cab for a year.

In an advertisement by a railway
company for some uncalculated goods
the letter "V" had dropped from the
word lawful, and it read: "People to
whom these packages are directed are
requested to come forward and pay the
awful costs on the same."

In a Pittsburgh theater, the other
night, a citizen arose in his seat and
violently hurled a potato at a duke
who was examining his (the citizen's)
wife through an opera glass; and there-
upon three or four hundred persons
vigorously applauded the husband.

In Cape Colony, South Africa, a
shepherd drove a flock of 1,430 ewes
up to a small building, in which he
took refuge from a thunder storm. As
the sheep crowded around the building
it was struck by lightning, and 730 of
them were killed outright. The shep-
herd escaped with a severe shock.

An eclipse 900 miles long from
east to west, and 600 miles wide from
north to south, with Springfield, Ill.,
as its center, will include an area on
which is produced about three-fourths
of the entire grain crop of the United
States, the annual yield varying from
1,200,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 bushels.
—Farmer and Manufacturer.

A Georgia clock stopped at the
moment when its owner was arrested,
charged with murder. Yesterday it
started again without the aid of any
one, the entire grain crop of the United
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A Hero Who Can Talk!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh,"
but who has ever seen an equine gifted with
the power of speech? Such an animal would
be pronounced a miracle; but so would the
dog that can talk. There have been a
hundred years ago. Why, even very re-
cently a cure for consumption would have
been looked upon as miraculous, but now
people are beginning to realize that the dis-
ease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in
time. This world-renowned remedy will
be seen before long in the hands of the
cured ones to a healthy state when all other
means have failed. Thousands can grate-
fully testify to this. All D-gists.

It may seem paradoxical, but it is a fact,
nevertheless, that the man who pursues the
even tenor of his ways never gets out of his
base.—Boston Courier.

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